

their *Clerks, Grooms, Hostlers, Serving-Men, Pimps* and somewhat else, which for Modesty sake I shall not Name, wou'd all lose their several Employments.

But if all Men were alike-*Wife*, the World wou'd soon be Unpeopled; and then there wou'd be need of a second *Prometheus*, to Plaster up the Decay'd Image of Mankind. Therefore this *Art* supplies all their Wants, and makes Men so far, from being weary of their Lives, that they more Industrious Court it, than ever: Thus some Decrepid Old Fellows, that look as hollow as the *Grave*, into which they are falling; that *Rattle* in their *Throats*, and have no more *Hair* on their *Beards*, than they have on their *Heads*; whose *Skin* seems already dress'd like *Parchment*, and their *Bones* dried to a *Skeleton*; these Shadows of Men, shall be wonderful Ambitious of living longer, and therefore fence off the Attacks of Death, with all imaginable *Dexterity* and *Impostures*: One shall new Die his *Grey-Hairs*, for fear their Colour shou'd betray his Age; another shall Spruce himself up in a light *Perriwig*; a Third, shall repair the loss of his *Teeth*, with an *Ivory Set*; and a Fourth perhaps, shall fall deeply in Love with a *Young Girl*, and accordingly Court Her, with as much Gaiety and Briskness, as the liveliest Spark in Town,

But what's yet more Comical, you shall have some Wrinkled Old Women, whose very Looks are a sufficient *Antidote* to *Lechery*, that shall be *Canting* out; *Ah! Life is a sweet thing*; and so run a *Catter-wawling*, and hire some strong back'd *Scallion* or other, to recover their almost lost Sense of *Feeling*: And to set themselves off the better, they shall *Paint*, and *Dawb* their Faces; always stand a *Tricking* up themselves at their *Looking-Glass*; go Naked Necked, bear Breasted; be tickled at a *Smutty-Jest*; Dance among the *Young Girls*, write *Love-Letters*, and do all the other little knacks of *Decoying Hot-Blooded Suitors*; and in the mean while, however they are Laught at, they enjoy themselves to the full; live up to their Hearts desire, and want for nothing that may complete their Happiness. As for those that think them herein Ridiculous, I would have them give an Ingenious Answer, to this one *Query*; Whether if *Folly* or *Hanging*, were left to their Choice; they had not much rather live like *Fools*, than Die like *Dogs*? And now this Recommendation of the *Poets* on this Subject is very Pertinent.

Whate'er the Modern *Satyrists* of the Stage,
To *zirk* the Failures of a sliding Age,
Have Lavishly expos'd to Publick View,
For a discharge to all from Envy due;
Here in as lively Colours Naked lie,
With equal *Wit*, and equal Modesty.
Some Poets with their free disclosing Arts,
Strip Vice so near, to its Uncomely Parts,
Their *Libels* prove but *Lessons*, and they teach
Those very Crimes, which they intend to impeach:
While here, —————
The * Virgin Naked, as her God of Bows,
May Read or hear, when Blood at highest flows;
Nor more expence of *Blushes* than arise,
Than while the *Lecturing Matron* does advise,
To guard her *Virtue*, and her Honour Prize.

[* Diana]

Satyr and Panegyrick different be,
Yet jointly here, they both in one agree:
The whole's a *Sacrifice* of Salt and Fire,
So does the Humour of the Age require,
To chafe the touch, and so foment desire.
As doughty Dreaming *Preachers* lull asleep,
Their Unattentive pent-up Fold of Sheep;
The *Opium* Milk glews up the Brain.
And th' *Babes* of Grace are in their Cradles lain:
While Mounted *Andrews*, bawdy, bold and loud,
Like *Cocks* alarm all the drowsie Crowd,
So does it fare with *Croaking Spawns* of th' *Press*,
The very Subject alters the Success;
What's serious, like our Sleep, procures us Ease,
Satyr and *Ridicule*, can only please,
As if no other *Animals* cou'd Gape,
But the close *Badger*, or the sneering *Ape*.



F I N I S.

5

4

T H E

K I T - C A T S .

This Poem was writ some years ago, as the Reader will observe, and not designed for the Press; But the Author, having accidentally lost a Copy of it out of his Hands which he has not been able to recover, has at length thought fit to make it publick, having reason to believe it will otherwise come abroad by means of that Copy.

P O E M .

Advertifement.

T*His Poem was writ some Years ago, as the Reader will discern, and not design'd for the Press ; But the Author, having unwarily let a Copy of it go out of his Hands which he has not been able to recover, has at length thought fit to make it publick, having reason to believe it will otherwise come abroad by means of that Copy.*



By Sir R Blackmore

T H E

4

K I T - C A T S.

A

P O E M.

Tantæ Molis Erat-----



L O N D O N:

Printed for *E. Sanger* and *E. Curll*, at the *Post-House* at the *Middle-Temple-Gate*, and at the *Peacock* without *Temple-Bar*. 1708.

T H E

K I T - C A T S .

P O E M .

Tamara Mole's Errand



L O N D O N .

Printed for E. Sanger and E. Cuth, at the Post-
House at the Middle-Temple-Gate, and at the
Pavement without Temple-Bar. 1708.

THE
KIT-CATS.
A
POEM.

I Sing the Assembly's Rise, Encrease and Fame,
That condescends to honour *Kit-Cat's* Name,
Whose Pride, like thine, O *Rome*, from small Begin-
nings came.

Oh thou ! who Cheif art to the Muses dear,
Whom Poets Court, and Statesmen love or fear :
Who with an uncontroul'd, Despotic Sway,
Dost still new Burdens on thy Subjects lay ;
Who Tax'd by thee with less Reluctance bear
The Charge of *Cæsar's*, than of *ANNA's* War.

Who reeking in thy own, and Roman Sweat,
 Dost ancient Conquests o'er the French repeat :
 Do thou, great *BOCAÿ* smooth thy spacious Brow,
 And one kind Smile on my Attempt bestow :
 For thou, whose fertile Genius does abound
 With noble Projects, didst this Order found.
 And still dost cherish, cultivate and guide
 Thy humble Creature, and with decent Pride
 Dost, like the God of Wine, the *Kit-Cat* State bestride.
 Gracious appear, as when thou mount'st thy Seat
 High in the great Assembly, to create
 Some Peer a Member of the *Kit-Cat* State.
 Or when, *Apollo* like, thou'rt pleas'd to lead
 Thy Sons to feast on *Hampstead's* airy Head ;
Hampstead, that now in Fame *Parnassus* shall exceed.

When warlike *WILLIAM Albion's* Scepter sway'd
 Succour'd th' Opprest, th' Oppressor's Progress staid,
 And of *Europa's* Peace the blest Foundations laid ;
 Illustrious Deeds were still the Hero's Aim,
 He follow'd Danger, as he flew from Fame.

A thousand Ills he bore in *Albion's* Cause,
 Patient of every Suff'ring, but Applause;
 Reverse of *Lewis* He (example rare!)
 Lov'd to deserve the Praise he could not bear.
 He shun'd the Acclamations of the Throng,
 And always coldly heard the Poet's Song.
 Hence the great King the Muses did neglect,
 And the meer Poet met with small Respect.
 But tho' the Muses and their tuneful Train
 In that great Monarch's Military Reign,
 Had of the Royal Favour little Share,
 Still they were kinder *B O C A* J's tender Care;
 He still caress'd the unregarded Tribe,
 And did to all their various Tasks prescribe;
 From whence to both great Acquisitions came,
 To him the Profit, and to them the Fame.

On the fair *Strand* by which with graceful Pride
 Unrivall'd *Thames* rolls his alternate Tyde,
 Between the Courts, which most the People awe,
 (In one the Monarch reigns, in one the Law)

A stately building rear'd its lofty Head,
 Which both the *Thames* and Town around survey'd.
 Here crown'd with Clusters *Bacchus* kept his Court,
 Where mighty Vats his Chearful Throne support;
 High o'er the Gate he hung his waving Sign,
 A *Fountain* Red with ever-flowing Wine.
 Here Politicians us'd to recreate
 Their Lungs exhausted with their long Debate,
 In settling, or perplexing Points of State.
 In Pleasure here they pass the wearing Night,
 And the hard Labours of the Day recite;
 They tell how bravely *Artop* Silence broke,
 And how much like an Angel *Oran* spoke;
 How some young Orators new come from School,
 Mounted the Rope, and danc'd without a Pole.
 What wretched Speeches t'other Party made,
 How weak, and how insipid things were said
 By all their leading Men, but by their own
 What Miracles of Eloquence were shown,
 What Flames of Fire, what Thunder-bolts were thrown !

How all their Speakers but of middle Name
 Outdid the Grecian and the Roman Fame.
 They tell with how much Negligence of Art
 With how sincere an Air, and open Heart,
 The prudent Prolocutor plaid his Part.
 The Victors of their glorious Conquest boast,
 They Triumph at the Vanquish'd Parties cost,
 And tell how down they look'd, the Question lost.

One Night in Seven, at this convenient Seat,
 Indulgent *BOCAJ* did the Muses treat,
 Their Drink was gen'rous Wine, and *Kit-Cat's* Pyes their
 Meat.

Here he assembled his Poetic Tribe,
 Past Labours to Reward, and new ones to prescribe,
 Hence did th' Assembly's Title first arise,
 And *Kit-Cat* Wits sprung first from *Kit-Cat's* Pyes.
BOCAJ the mighty Founder of the State
 Led by his Wisdom, or his happy Fate,
 Chose proper Pillars to support its Weight.
 All the first Members for their Place were fit,
 Tho' not of Title, Men of Sense and Wit.

While *Kit-Cats* by their Discipline secure,
 Preserv'd their well fram'd Constitution pure;
 Soon from this warm well cultivated Bed
 Letters came forward, Sense began to spread,
 And Wit shot up apace its thriving Head.
 The Languid Muses, now, new Life acquire,
 And every Genius feels his native Fire.
 The chearful Bards their weekly Work rehearse,
 And noble Subjects sing in noble Verse.
 No sweeter Lays, nor more harmonious Strains
 E'er blest *Parnassus*, or th' Arcadian Plains.
 The tuneful Tribe with praise each other Crown,
 And *BOCAJ* with a Nod approves *Apollo's* Son.
 Old *Thames* to listen to the Poet's Song,
 In ling'ring Volumes slowly crept along:
 But soon the Flood, that with reluctance past,
 To hear the charming Lays return'd in haſt.
 Their Converſation fed their mutual Flame,
 And made the Bards at Flights much higher Aim.
 For Men of Wit do Men of Wit inſpire,
 And Emulation ſtrikes out nobler Fire.

Mean time these Sons of Wit advanc'd their Name,
 And fair *Augusta* rung with *Kit-Cat*'s Fame ;
 Their brighter Beams Eclypse the fading Toast,
 That long before unrival'd rul'd the Roast.
 Now Crowds to Founder *BOCAÿ* did resort,
 And for his Favour humbly made their Court ;
 The little Wits attended at his Gate,
 And Men of Title did his Levee wait.
 For he as Sovereign, by Prerogative
 Old Members did exclude, and new receive.
 He judg'd who most were for the Order fit,
 And Chapters held, to make new Knights of Wit.

Now *Kit-Cat* Wits to their first Maxims true,
 Not of high Station, and in Number few,
 Did Wit's just Rights and Interests pursue.
 They were by all esteem'd, by all carest,
 The Joy of all the Town, the Life of every Feast.
 If not a *Kit-Cat* Wit or two were there,
 Flat was the Wine, and tasteless was the Chear.

To such a height so soon their Credit rose,
 And such great Men their Order did compose;
 But who can flourish long, and raise no envious Foes?
 As when new States Industrious, frugal, wise,
 By a swift growth to Strength and Wealth arise,
 The Realms around grow Jealous of their Pow'r,
 Suspect and fear those they despis'd before.
 Princes and States each others Courts alarm,
 And to suppress the rising Neighbour arm;
 So here the Foes of Wit soon Umbrage took,
 And did with Envy on the *Kit-Cat* look.
 The numerous Species of the Blockhead Race,
 Which the long Robe, Camp, Gown and Court disgrace,
 With all the vast variety of Fools,
 Of Mother Nonsense, or improv'd in Schools,
 The Noisy and Impertinent, and all
 The Fops and Pedants, all the Whimsicall,
 Half-craz'd, half witted of the *R---t---ff* kind,
 Against the rising *Kit-Cat* State combin'd.
 O *BOCAſ*! all these mighty Clans rebell'd
 Against thy Throne, by Sense and Wit upheld.

Their envious Tongues thy Government defam'd,
 And loud against thy growing Power exclaim'd:
 For they assert the Privilege to play
 The Fool, or Madmen in their several Way.
 These Sons of Liberty will ne'er endure
 The Tyranny of Sense, or Vertue's Foreign Pow'r.

But they in vain the *Kit-Cat* State assail'd,
 Their ill laid Plots, and bungling Malice fail'd.
 Fixt on a Rock great *BOCAJ*'s Throne withstood
 Confed'rate Ignorance, and Folly's confluent Flood.
 Resisted thus his Reputation rose,
 For all Wise Men esteem what Fools oppose.
 Their Leaders raving that from each Attack,
 With mighty loss, their Troops were beaten back,
 Resolv'd in Council on a wise Design,
 What all their Force withstood, to undermine.

In fam'd *Hibernia* on the Northern Main,
 Where Wit's unknown, and Schools are built in vain.
 Between two Hills, that rise with equal Pride,
 And with their Tops the floating Clouds divide;

A lazy Lake, as *Lethe*, black and deep,
 Secure from Storms, extended lies asleep.
 Young vig'rous Winds, which heavy Tempests bear,
 With fruitless Toil shove at this stagnant Air;
 Their Breath all spent, they from their Labour cease,
 And leave th' unweildy Fogs to rest in Peace.
 The Beasts that come for Water, at the Brink,
 Benumn'd stand nodding, and forget to drink;
 The Birds by luckless Fortune hither brought,
 Fall down and sleeping on the Waters float.
 The thoughtless Boatmen scarcely half awake
 Do never one Successful Voyage make,
 But yawn, and drop their Oars into the fluggish Lake. }
 These Shores that with this quiet Breed abound,
 Kindly supply the neighb'ring Nations round
 With calm Commanders, who enjoy their Ease,
 And rule in time of War a harmless Fleet in Peace.

On the dark Margin of the Stagnant Flood,
 The Temple of the God of Dulness stood.
 With rude Magnificence high in the Air
 Thick Walls of Mud the pond'rous Roof did bear.

Of Birds the formal Owl, of Beasts the Ass
 Dear to the God, did the dark Niches grace.
 And on the Dome's high Front ill cut in Wood,
 Sottish *Silenus*, and Dull *Morpheus* stood.
 Irregular it seem'd in every Part,
 Which as in *China*, here is perfect Art.
 In Gouty Pillars, thick unlightfome Walls,
 With Windows at the Top, like Pidgeon Holes,
 It imitates our hideous Church of *Paul's*.
 Such is the Skill, that all the Parts appear
 Contriv'd for dull and blind Devotion here.
 Sleek pamper'd Priests beneath the Altar snore,
 And stretcht at Ease their stupid God adore.
 The Vot'ries here Eternal Silence keep,
 And unreprouch'd their Worship pay asleep.
 The Idol is compos'd of massy Lead,
 And Wreaths of Poppy Flowers adorn his Head.
 Lolling and yawning in his Chair of State,
 And dropping down his Head the drowsy Figure fate.
 For Incense here, instead of Indian Gums,
Pæum and Poppies spread their grateful Fumes;

Which

Which lull the Senses vext with Care and Pain,
Blunt the sharp Edge of Thought, and kindly cloud the
Brain.

Hither the various complicated Foes,
That all enrag'd against the *Kit-Cats* rose,
Sworn Enemies to *BOCAJ*, and to Wit,
Sent Deputies for their Employment fit ;
The Coxcomb Clan Sr. *Thomas Trifle* chose,
Prince of the Civil Fops, and Grey-hair'd Beaus.
The Grave and Bookish Block-heads of our Isle,
Chose a fam'd Native of th' Hibernian Soil,
Dodwell of undigested Fathers full,
Opprest with Learning, and profoundly dull.
The *Vertuoso* Tribe deputed S-----,
Who got the Poll from *L-f-r* but by one.
The Mountebanks were first inclin'd to *Read*,
But *T'winckler* nam'd, in *T'winckler* all agreed.
The Politicians did their *M-k-th* send
To all the Foes of Sense a faithful Friend:
He with him took his Books a pond'rous Load,
Design'd an Off'ring to the Sleepy God.

The Pedant Tribe, who Wit and Sense oppose,
 And the false Criticks, Learning's Mortal Foes,
Ch--tw--d, a wond'rous shining Genius, chose.
 Strong *B----ks* was chosen by the lower Gown,
 The Scribling Rakes sent the poor Devil *Brown*,
 Who doom'd to starve, yet fated to believe
 He shall in Eating Circumstances live,
 Does with a Stomack empty, as his Head,
 Write in a Garret to the Shops for Bread.
 The Lawyers once of one Opinion, chose
 The great *Aurato* with a loud Applause.
 These zealous Men, *Aurato* at their Head,
 To the fam'd Temple went with eager Speed;
 Where their grave Speaker slowly Silence broke,
 And thus the God of Dulness did invoke:
 But hem'd and paus'd, and on his Notes did pore,
 Repeating often what he said before.

Great Droufie Pow'r, whole wide, extended Sway
 All the Cold Kingdoms of the *North* obey;
 Who gently rule'tt the whole Hibernian Isle,
 And a large Part of *Albion's* neighb'ring Soil;

We, in the Name of all thy Vot'ries there,
 Address thy Altars with our humble Pray'r.
 An Upstart Sect, one *BOCAJ* at their Head,
 Have great Commotions in *Britannia* bred.
 Who wou'd with Arts the British Heads refine,
 And the Subversion of thy Throne design.
 The Kingdom into Parties they have split,
 Enthusiasts of Sense, and Schismatics of Wit.
 In Strength the restless Sectaries encrease,
 And interrupt thy quiet Subjects Peace.
 Still with fresh Conquests they extend their Fame,
 And now at Universal Empire aim.
 Those who to thee have firm Affection shown,
 And always labour'd to support thy Throne,
 Who ne'er suspected were of such a Sin,
 To speak in favour of the Sect begin.
 T——r himself affects to be discreet,
 And wav'ring W——d inclines to be a Wit.
 Ev'n T——e and D——fy disaffected grow,
 And underhand are treating with the Foe.
 Ambiguous D—— who to no Side adher'd,
 Strangely drawn in has for the Sect declar'd.

Lugo, whom still we did with Honour name,
 Who Common Sense despis'd, and laugh'd at Fame,
 Assumes Judicious Airs, and in the Pit
 Grows hot for Sense, and violent for Wit.
Robell who all th' Assaults of Sense did mock
 Solid, unchang'd and steady as a Rock,
 In these revolting Times begins to shake,
 Of the new Itch does broad Discov'ries make.
Alga who Wonders on our Side has done,
 A heavy Loss, is from our Party gone.
 Young *Ollan* so well principled and free
 From the wild Notions of fine Company,
 Ah much lamented Youth! is from us lost,
 The gravest Genius, which our Cause could boast.
 Had he escap'd his late unhappy Stain,
 And not with Wit forc'd his reluctant Brain,
 I had enroll'd him my adopted Son,
 To him I had bequeath'd my Scarlet Gown.
 C-----s and S-----l and a thousand more
 For whom, as for my self, I wou'd have sworn,
 Who stood unshaken, now begin to start,
 Leave their old Friends and take the Faction's Part.

If thou, great Pow'r, dost not with speed apply
 To this Disease some Sovereign Remedy,
 Soon from thy Empire *Albion* will be won,
 By *BOCAJ's Kit-Cat* Squadrons over run.
 Squadrons for this great Undertaking fit,
 All clad in solid Sense, and treble polish'd Wit.
 Proud *Kit-Cat* Wits will triumph at thy cost,
 Nor wilt thou more of *Britain's* Vot'ries boast,
 A Revolution which was never fear'd,
 Where thou hast been so lov'd and so rever'd.
H----- no longer will thy Shrines adore,
 Nor will *Tr-----* e'er obey thee more.
 Great *B-kr's* Gownmen, who have still withstood
 All Light and Sense, and made their Party good,
 These numerous Clans will all thy Cause disown,
 Declare for Wit, and worship *BOCAJ's* Throne.
 A thousand Politicians will desert
 Their ancient Side, and take the Rebels Part.---
 More had he said, but strove in vain to keep
 His falling Eye-lids ope, and fell down fast asleep.

This Pray'r disturb'd the dozy God's Repose,
 Who with Reluctance from his Seat arose,
 He stretch'd a while, and half awake did stand,
 Rubbing his heavy Eye-lids with his Hand.
 Rousing himself he to *Aurato* came,
 And gave him this kind Answer in a Dream:
 Thou, who so well dost thy high Post adorn,
 For fair *Britannia's* and my Service born,
 Know, faithful Servant, I shall still protect
 My British Vot'ries from this hated Sect.
 The haughty *Kit-Cats* who my Pow'r defy'd,
 Shall find me able to correct their Pride.
 Let not my Friends despond, for certain Fate
 Decrees the Ruin of the *Kit-Cat* State.
 Let *Kit-Cats* cease to boast, cease ye to fear,
 The Fall, O *BOCAJ*, of thy Throne is near.
 Infernal Pow'rs will send at my Request,
 Faction from Hell thy Empire to infest.
 She'll with the Poison of her vip'rous Brood
 Infect their Veins, and agitate their Blood.

She'll with Infernal Heat their Breasts inspire,
And with their Breath blow up Sedition's Fire.

Now angry *Kit-Cats* feel the Fury's Flame,
Talk big, and *BOCAÿ* with dishonour name:
Against his Ministration they inveigh,
His haughty *Airs*, and arbitrary Sway.
They cry he Sep'rate Int'rest carries on,
Pretends their Profit, but designs his own.
Such Defamation shall they spread abroad,
And with Collected Scandal *BOCAÿ* load
Till in the troubled State things desp'rate grown,
Outrageous *Kit-Cats* shall assault his Throne.
In a Defection Universal, they
From their high Court Rebellion's Flag display,
And swear they will no more the Tyrant's Will obey.
They'll then dethrone their Leader, and declare
An Interregnum and a vacant Chair.
This crowns my Wish, with *BOCAÿ* sinks their State:
Who else has Shoulders equal to its Weight?
BOCAÿ depos'd, the Sect with Faction rent,
Embroid'd in Feuds and sow'r with Discontent,

Shall



Shall into various Warring Parties split,
 Which brings the Downfal of Imperious Wit.
 This Doom attends the Upstart *Kit-Cat* State,
 This shall be Wit's, this shall be *BOCAJ's* Fate.
 Go back in Peace, my faithful Vot'ries, go;
 Let high *Augusta* my Prediction know.
 Let all the Clans and Sects you represent,
 Rest in the Prospect of the great Event.

F I N I S.
